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VOL. I.

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NO. 45.

THE CITIZEN

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IDEAS.

Pretension isn't natural; nature never pretends.

Some people are so aristocratic that they don't even have common sense.

It is an education for a man or woman to read a good paper.—Subscribe for the CITIZEN.

When a man is willing to admit his ignorance he is beginning to acquire wisdom.

The "free school" begins early in July, and it is already time to begin to see to it that every child shall be ready to go the first day.

Dr. Wallace Nutting, of Providence, R. I., will deliver the Commencement Address, June 6th.

Foreign News.

About 40,000 died of bubonic plague in India last week.

Turkey has increased certain duties, giving as a reason the bad condition of its finances.

Part of Gen. Brabant's army reached Bushman's Kop near Wepener, Saturday night. After fighting all day Sunday they opened the way in to Wepener.

Turkey keeps putting off with promises the United States' demands for compensation for the American missionaries whose property was destroyed in the Armenian massacres.

National News.

Municipal elections occur in Cuba June 16.

The House is considering the post office appropriation bill this week.

American money is to be substituted for Cuban, at the rate of 60 cents a peso.

Work is rapidly progressing on the democratic convention hall at Kansas City.

It is announced that the Nicaraguan Canal bill will be considered by the House May 1 and 2.

In skirmishes about Manila last week, 378 Filipinos were killed, and 12 officers and 244 men captured.

The republican convention of Alabama split and nominated two delegations to the national convention, last week.

Colored students in Atlanta are boycotting the street car lines, because they have been restricted in their use of them.

Owing to recent developments in the South it is thought that a Constitutional Amendment may be made, disfranchising the ignorant negro voter.

Tennessee has just had two republican conventions, one by the Evans faction and the other by the Brownlow party. Both nominated Governors.

The Cuban census, just completed, gives the total population as 1,572,797. The whites are more numerous than the blacks, and the majority of the population consists of native Cubans.

Secretary of Agriculture Rivera has resigned as a result of his urging a union of all parties in Cuba in demanding independence. Other members of the Cuban cabinet are expected to resign.

The floods in the South, while abating in some places, are worse in others. Part of the L. & N. railroad bridge has been washed away at West Pascagoula, Miss., and mail and passengers are transferred in skiffs.

Kentucky News.

A reunion of Confederate soldiers will be held in Louisville early in June.

In the Colson trial, which began last Wednesday, the evidence now seems to prove that Scott fired the first shot.

Miners in the west Kentucky coal district who have been out on a strike will all return to work and receive an advance in wages.

Locals and Personals.

A. S. Mann arrived in town last Wednesday.

Prof. and Mrs. Teeters went to Cincinnati the first of the week.

Paul Derthick left for his home near Cleveland, O., last Thursday.

Charley Hanson visited several of our neighboring cities last week.

W. A. Hubbard was a little under the weather the first of the week.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. Matt Benge last Wednesday.

A brother of Prof. J. C. Teeters was in our city the first of the week.

Ladies' and Gents' bicycles for rent over Post-office. Inquire of J. C. Burnam.

Mrs. Short entertained her Sunday School class at her home last Saturday afternoon.

Miss Maud Cook gave an entertainment last week, in honor of Miss Sadie Jones, of Danville.

B. T. Titus left for the north last week where he will secure a position as waiter on a steam boat.

W. H. Webster and nephew, Fred Keller, left yesterday for Webster, N. Y., where they will make their home.

State Bond papers are extra fine for correspondence purposes, they are extra cheap also. At the printing-office.

Mr. Irvine Baker, of near Kingston, and Mrs. Nannie Gillen, of this city, were united in marriage by Rev. Derthick last Tuesday.

Every father and mother is interested in having the best kind of a teacher in the home district this coming summer.

The most complete line of fine papers, pads, pencils, cardboards, etc., is at the printing-office. Our prices are scandalously low.

The worst temper in the world is the unrelenting, hard, unresponsive temper, which plumes itself, on never forgetting an injury.—May Ladies' Home Journal.

Even the most vigorous and hearty people have at times a feeling of weariness and lassitude. To dispel this feeling take Herbine; it will impart vigor and vitality. Price, 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Jas. Washburn, who was called home by the illness of his mother, returned to school last Saturday. His mother died week ago last Sunday, and his brother and sister will not return to school this Spring.

Many people suffer untold tortures from piles, because of the popular impression that they cannot be cured. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment will cure them. It has met with absolute success. Price, 50 cts. in bottles, tubes 75 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

"Not as long as I am alive" Mr. Moody used to say when it was proposed to link his name with any of the institutions founded by him; but now, in order to perpetuate his memory, the trustees of his school for training Christian workers at Chicago have changed its corporate name to "The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago." In the reorganization that has been effected, Fleming H. Revell, the well-known publisher, has been elected vice-president. Twenty five of the leading Christian men and women of this country and Canada will be invited to serve as a Board of Managers.

Colonel Copeland.

Colonel Copeland will give his crowning lecture, "The Future of the Republic," at the Chapel Saturday night, May 5th. Make your plans to be there. Admission 25 and 15 cents.

Bible Society.

The Berea Auxiliary Bible Society held its annual meeting at the Chapel last Sunday evening. A good number was present and Rev. Derthick gave an interesting address. The following officers were elected for the coming year: Pres., Rev. Geo. Ames; Vice-pres., J. P. Bicknell; Sec., Prof. L. V. Dodge; Treas. and Depository, T. A. Robinson; Executive Committee, the above officers and C. A. Van Winkle, C. A. King, and Rev. C. H. Palmer.

A PROCLAMATION OF ECONOMY for the Spring and Summer Season in Men's and Boys' Fine Stylish Made CLOTHING!

WE are prepared to cloth you with the Lowest-priced, rightly made, absolutely all-wool Clothing in America. Rightly made, as it is of famous "Vitals" Brand the only ready-to-wear Clothing Tailored on a strictly scientific basis in clean, well ventilated workrooms. Perfect fitting and wear-resisting, because the inside, the "Vitals," the very life of the garment, is carefulness in making, represents the expenditure of time and thought, and is a decided contrast to the tailoring seen in ordinary ready-to-wear Clothing. The Fabrics that we show are the very newest designs that will be seen this season. Many confined exclusively to us, in the face of the above facts. The most extraordinary feature combining our great offer is, that we can and do sell our Clothing at

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burnin' Bresh.

When ol' sugar weather's gone
An' the spring a-comin' on;
Frogs a-croakin' right away
Never stoppin' a gittin' on;
Beech trees all a'grittin' red
With big buds, an' overhead
How the sky begins to smile
Blue an' calm, 'n' all the while
We keep clearin'—chop 'n' slash
Down the trees, 'n' pile the bresh
So that bit will all git dry.
Fit fer burnin', by-an'-by.

When the grass begins to grow,
An' the sarvis bushes show
On the hill their bloomin' white,
Fore a faller gits a sight
Of the red-bud's grinnin' face;
Apple bloom, 'n' dog wood, too,
White-faced bees go hummin' 'round
'Cross the fields 'n' meadow ground;
We git out an' whoop 'n' sing
Some still evenin', make a ring
In the leaves the whole way 'round
'Twixt the fence 'n' our new ground.

Slowly creepin' down the night
Kind o' hides the hills from sight;
Then in just a little while
We set fire to every pile.
'N' then I throw away my torch
An' watch how the flames scorch
Little twigs that snap 'n' smoke;
How the light begins to poke
Through the night, 'n' bright sparks soar
From the heaps that shriek 'n' roar,
Till the hilltops stretch away
Lookin' 'most as bright as day.

I keep chinkin' up, an' drop
In some rock to hear 'em pop
When their hot, a lively breeze
Comes a-lartin' through the trees
'Round the pint, 'n' 'cross the ring;
An' fore we hardly do a thing,
Little blazes run along
Till they're gettin' wild 'n' strong.
Near the fence, 'n' then you bet
We'll have to work 'n' sweat
Fightin' fire! An' when we've got
Hit all out in every spot,
We go down an' get a drink
O' col' water that I think
Beats the lickin' all to smash
That keeps a-gittin' fellers' cash.

Supper next, an' with sleepy head,
I go staggerin' to bed—
How a good snooze does refresh
A feller after burnin' bresh.

—MARION HAROLD FREDERICK.

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"KEEP TO THE RIGHT."

"Keep to the right," is the law of the road—
Make it a law of your moral code;
In whatever you determine to do
Follow the road of the Good and the True;
Follow and fear not; by day and by night,
Up hill or down hill, "keep to the right."

Doubt will assail you, temptation will
woo—
"Keep to the right," for the right is the
true;

Doubt is a traitor, temptation a shame;
A heart that is honest, a life without
blame,
Will rank you far higher, in worth and re-
nown.
Than the grandest of kings, with his scepter
and crown.

"Keep to the right," in the journey of life,
There is crowding and jostling, trouble and
strife;

The weak will succumb to the bold and the
strong;
And many go under and many go wrong;
He will acquit himself best in the fight
Who shirks not his duty, and "keeps to the
right."

"Keep to the right," and the Right will
keep you
In touch and accord with the Good and
the True;
These are the best things in life, after all,
They make it worth living, whatever befall.
And Death has no terrors, when he comes
in sight.

For the man who determines to "keep to
the right,"
—Charles W. Hubner, in Atlanta Constitution.



CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"Nita, if it were only for Mr. Latrobe I should not care a snap of my finger, but it's you—you! I thought you had more sense. I thought you fully understood that you couldn't afford to lose yourself a moment, and yet if ever a girl looked like yielding you did this very afternoon. For my sake, Nita, don't let it go any further—don't fall in love—here—whatever you do."

The younger sister stood at the dressing-table at the moment, her face averted. The Mary Powell was just rounding the point, and the mellow, melodious notes of her bell were still echoing through the Highlands. Nita was gazing out upon the gorgeous effect of sunset light and shadow on the eastern cliffs and crags across the Hudson, a flush as vivid mantling her cheeks, her lips quivering. She was making valiant efforts to control herself before replying.

"I'm not in love with him," she finally said.

"Perhaps not—yet, surely I hope not, but it looks awfully like it was coming—and Nita, you simply mustn't. You've got to marry money if I have to stand guard over you and see you do it—and you know you can this minute—if you'll only listen."

The younger girl wheeled sharply, her eyes flashing. "Peggy, you promised me I shouldn't hear that hateful thing again—at least not until we left here—and you've broken your word—twice. You—"

"It's because I must. I can't see you drifting—the way I did when, with things have come so terrible sudden like. This time yesterday I was living your youth and—advantages, you can pick and choose. Col. Frost has money and money all over the west, and he was your shadow at the seashore, and all broken up; he told me so when we came here. Paddy Latrobe is a beautiful boy without a penny—"

"His uncle—" began Nita, feebly.

"His uncle had a sister to support besides Paddy's mother. His pay as brigadier in the regular service is only \$5,500. He can't have saved much of anything in the past, and he may last a dozen years yet—or more. Even if he does leave everything then to Latrobe, what'll you do meantime? Don't be a fool, Nita, because I was. I had to be. It was that or nothing, and father was getting tired. You heard how he talked."

The younger sister was still at the dressing-table, diligently brushing her shining, curly tresses. She had regained her composure and took occasional furtive peeps at Mrs. Frank, now seated at the foot of the bed, busy with a buttonhook and the adjustment of a pair of very dainty boots of white kid, whose buttons gleamed like pearls. The mates to them, half a size smaller, peeped from the tray of Nita's new trunk.

There came a footstep and a rap at the door. "See what it is, Nita, there's a love—I don't want to hop."

It was a car—a new arrival at the hotel.

"Gentleman said he'd wait in the parlor, m," said the bellboy, and vanished. Nita glanced at the card and instantly trouble stood in her paling face. Silently Mrs. Garrison held out her hand, took the card, and one quick look. The buttonhook dropped from her relaxed fingers. The card read:

For a second or two the sisters gazed at each other in silence.

CHAPTER IX.

One of the most charming writers of our day and generation has declared that "the truest blessing a girl can have" is "the ingenious devotion of a young boy's heart." Nine mothers in ten will probably take issue with the gifted author on that point, and though no longer a young girl in years, what-aver she might be in looks, Margaret

Garrison would gladly have sent the waiting gentlemen to the right about, for, though he was only 20, "Gov" Prime, as a junior at Columbia, had been ingeniously devoted to the little lady from the very first evening he saw her. A boy of frank, impulsive nature, was "Gov"—a boy still in spite of the budding mustache, the 20 summers and the barely passed "exam" that wound up the junior year and entitled him to sit with the seniors when the great university opened its doors in October. Studies he hated, but tennis, polo, cricket, riding and dancing were things he loved and excelled in. Much of his boyhood had been spent at one of those healthy, hearty English schools where all that would cultivate physical and mental manhood was assiduously practiced, and all that would militate against them was as rigorously "tabooed."

At the coming of his twentieth birthday that summer his father had handed him his check of \$5,000—the paternal expression of satisfaction that his boy had never smoked pipe, cigar or cigarette—and the same week "Gov" had carried off the blue ribbon with the racquet, and the second prize with the single sculls. It was during the "exams," the first week in June, when dropping in for five o'clock tea of some girls whom he had known for years, he was presented to this witching little creature whose name he didn't even catch. "We met her way out at an army post in Wyoming when papa took us to California last year," was whispered to him, "and they entertained us so cordially, and of course we said if ever you come to New York you must be sure to let us know—and she did—but—" and there his informant paused, dubious. Other callers came in and it began to rain—a sudden, drenching shower, and the little stranger from the far west saw plainly enough that her hostesses, though presenting their friends after our cheery American fashion, were unable to show her further attention, and the newly presented—almost all women, said "so very pleased" but failed to look it, or otherwise to manifest their pleasure. She couldn't go in the rain. The butler had phoned for a cab. She wouldn't sit there alone and neglected. She deliberately signaled Mr. Prime. "The ladies are all busy," she said, with a charmingly appealing smile, "but I know you can tell me. I have to dress for dinner after I get home, and must be at One Hundred and Tenth street at 7:30. How long will it take a carriage to drive me there? Oh, is that your society pin? Why, are you still in college? Why, I thought—"

That cab was 25 minutes coming, and when it came Mr. Prime went with it and her, whom he had not left an instant from the moment of her question. Moreover, he discovered she was nervous about taking that carriage drive all alone away to One Hundred and Tenth street, yet what other way could a girl go in evening dress? He left her at her door with a reluctantly given permission to return in an hour and escort her to the distant home of her friends and entertainers. He drove to the Waldorf and had a light dinner with a half pint of Hock, devoured her with his eyes as they drove rapidly northward, went to a Harlem theater while she dined and forgot him, and was at the carriage door when she came forth to be driven home. Seven hours or less "had done the business" so far as Gouverneur Prime was concerned.

It was the boy's first wild infatuation—as mad, unreasoning, absurd, yet intense as was ever that of Arthur Pennicott for the lovely Totheringay. Margaret Garrison had never seen or known the like of it. She had fascinated others for a time, had kindled love, passion and temporary devotion, but this—this was worship, and it was something so sweet to her jaded senses, something so rich and spontaneous that she gave herself up for a day or two to the delight of studying it. Here was a glorious young athlete whose eyes followed her every move and gesture, who hung about her in utter captivation, whose voice trembled and whose eyes implored, yet whose strong, brown, shapely hand never dared so much as touch hers, except when she extended it in greeting. He was to accompany his father and sister to Europe in a week, so what harm was there? He would forget all about it. He knew now she was married. He was presented to Nita, but had hardly a word and never a look for her when Margaret was near. He was dumb and miserable all the day they drove in the park and later dined at Delmonico's with Col. Frost. He was sick, even when mounted on his favorite English thoroughbred and scampering about the bridge path for peeps at the drives, when she was at the park again with that gray-haired reprobate, that money shark, Cashton—a Wall street broker black-balled at every decent club in New York. Why should she go with him? He had been most kind, she said, in the advice and aid he had given her in the investment of her little fortune. She told the lie with downcast eyes and cheeks that burned, for most of that little fortune was already frittered away, and Cashton's reports seemed to require many personal visits that had set tongues wagging at the hotels, so much frequented of the army, where she had taken a room until Nita should have been graduated and they could go to the seashore. She had promised to be at home to her boy adorer that very evening and to go with him to Daly's, and he had secured the seats four days ahead. Poor "Gov" had trotted swiftly home from the park, striving to comfort himself over his bath and irreproachable evening clothes that there, with her by his side, the wild jealousy of the day would vanish. Sharply on time he had sent up his card and listened, incredulous, to the reply: "Mrs. Garrison has not yet returned." He would wait, he said, and did wait, biting his nails, treading the floor, turning in doubt and despair until nearly ten, when a carriage dashed

up to the ladies' entrance and that vile Cashton handed her out, escorted her in and vanished. She came hurrying to her boy lover with both little hands outstretched, with a face deeply flushed and words of pleading and distress rushing from her lips. "Indeed I could not help it, Gov," she cried. "I told him of my engagement and said we must not go so far, but away at the north end something happened, I don't know what, a wheel was bent, and the harness wrenched by too short a turn on a stone post at a corner. Something had to be repaired. They said it wouldn't take ten minutes, and he led me out and up to the piazza of that big hotel—you know, we saw it the day I drove with you—"

"He was a blackguard to take you there!" burst in Prime, the blood boiling in his veins. "Then we waited and waited and he went to hurry them, and then he came back and said they had found more serious damages—that it would take an hour, and meantime dinner had been ordered and was served. He had telephoned to you and the butler had answered all right."

"He's a double-dyed liar!" raved "Gov," furiously.

"And so what could I do, Gov? The dinner was delicious, but I couldn't eat a mouthful. (This time it wasn't Cashton who lied.) I was worrying about you, and—about myself, too, 'Gov.' It had set my heart on going with you. It was to be almost our last evening. Oh, if you only didn't have to sail Saturday, and could be here next week, you dear boy, you should have no cause for complaint. Won't you try to forgive me?"

And, actually, tears stood in her eyes, as again she held out both hands. They were the only people in the parlor, and in an instant, with quick, sudden, irresistible action, he had clasped and drawn her to his breast, and though she hid her face and struggled, passionate kisses were printed on her disheveled hair. It was the first time he had dared.

And then he did not sail Saturday. Prime, Sr., was held by most important business. They gave up the Saturday Canard and took the midweek White Star, and those four additional days riveted poor "Gov's" chains and left her well-nigh breathless with excitement. The strain had been intense. It was all she could do to make the boy try to behave in a rational way in the presence of others. When alone with her he raved. A fearful load was lifted from her spare little shoulders when the Teutonic sailed. Even Nita had



"Would you like to go to her at once?"

worried and had seen her sister's worry. Then no sooner did "Gov" reach Europe than he began writing impassioned letters by every steamer, but that wasn't so bad. She had several masculine correspondents, some of whom wrote as often as Frank, but none of whom, to do her justice, got letters as often as he did, which, however, was saying little, for she hated writing. "Gov" was to have stayed abroad three months, piloting the pater and sister about the scenes so familiar to him, but they saw how nervous and unhappy he was. They knew he was writing constantly to some one. Mildred had long since divined that there was a girl at the bottom of it all, and longed and strove to find out who she was. Through the last of June and all through July he resolutely stood to his promise and did his best to be loving and brotherly to a loving and devoted sister and dutiful to a most indulgent father. But he grew white and worn and haggard, he who had been such a picture of rugged health, and, in her utter innocence and ignorance as to the being on whom her brother had lavished the wealth of his love, Mildred began to ask herself should she not urge her father to let "Gov" return to America. At last one sweet July evening, late in the month, the brother and sister were wandering along the lovely shore of Lucerne. He had been unusually fitful, restless and moody all day. No letter had reached him in over a fortnight, and he was miserably unhappy. They stopped at a grassy bank that ran down to the rippling water's edge, and she seated herself on a stone ledge, while in reckless abandonment he threw himself at full length on the dewy grass. Instantly the last doubt vanished. Bending over him, her soft hand caressing his hair, she whispered: "Gov, dear boy, is it so very hard? Would you like to go to her at once?"

And the boy buried his face in her lap, twined his arms about her slender waist, and almost groaned aloud as he answered: "For pity's sake help me if you can, Mildred, I'm almost mad."

Early in August the swiftest steamer of the line was splitting the Atlantic surge and driving hard for home, with "Gov" cursing her for a canal boat. The day after he reached New York he had traced and followed the White Sisters to West Point, and Margaret Garrison stared in mingled delight, triumph and dismay at the card in her hand: "Light that she could show these exclusive Pointers that the heir to one of the oldest and best names in Gotham's Four Hundred was a slave to her beck and call, dismayed to think of the scene that might occur through his jealousy

when he saw the devoted attentions she received from so many men—officers, civilians and cadets. Old Cashton came up now as regularly as Saturday night came around, and there were others. Margaret Garrison was more talked about than any woman in Orange county, yet who could report anything of her beyond that she was a universal favorite, and danced, walked, possibly flirted with a dozen different cavaliers every day of her life. There were some few people among her accusers, demure and most proper—even prudish—women, of whom, were the truth to be told, so little could not be said.

"Gov" Prime took the only kind of room to be had in the house, so full was it—a little seven by ten box on the office floor. He would have slept in the coalbin rather than leave her. He saw her go off to the hop looking radiant, glancing back over her shoulder and smiling sweetly at him. He rushed to his trunk, dragged out his evening clothes and stood at the wall looking on until the last note of the last dance—he, a noted German leader in the younger set and the best dancer of his years in Gotham. Not so much as a single spin had he, and he longed to show those tight-waisted, button-strewn fellows in gray and white how little they really knew about dancing, well as many of them appeared on the floor. His reward was tendered as the hop broke up. She came gliding to him with such witchery in her upraised face. "Now, sir, it is your turn. I couldn't give you a dance, for my card was made out days ago, but Mr. Latrobe was glad enough to get rid of taking me home. He is daft about Nita, and of course she can't let him take her to more than one hop a week. Mr. Stanton is her escort to-night."

Then she placed her little hand on his arm, and drew herself to his side, and when he had followed the others, going straight across the broad plain to the lights at the hotel, turned him to the left. "I'm going to take you all the way round, sir," she said, joyously. "Then we can be by ourselves at least ten minutes longer."

[To Be Continued.]

KISSED BY THE QUEEN.

Reminiscence of a Bugler Who Was Once Granted Distinguished Consideration.

"To be Knight of the Thistle is a big honor, of course," remarked an old quartermaster sergeant, amidst a discussion among some military men at Chatham, "but I can claim a distinction lots in front of that, or of kissing hands with the queen, as they say of the custom observed by cabinet ministers when taking over the seals of office."

"You're chucking it, mon," observed a stalwart sergeant far the far north.

"Well," the veteran non-com. went on to explain, "the good fortune which befell me was to be kissed by the queen," an intimation which caused the little party to gather round yet closer.

"You're having us, Jock," observed a credulous corporal, "and if you want the hatchet say so, for the present holder is fair outclassed."

"No," the distinguished soldier, as he claimed to be, contended, "it is you that's out of it, as you will see. You may have heard of my being the youngest bugler that took part in the Crimea, and such fact secured for me a place among the survivors who were inspected by the queen after peace was proclaimed."

"When the wounded went by, some in chairs—"

"Quite so. Well, I was then a little flaxen-haired, red-cheeked youngster, small for my age, and I suppose contrasted a good deal with the worn veterans. When my turn came to pass her majesty asked how old I was, and on replying a little over 13, at the same time giving quite the best salute possible, the queen said: 'Dear little fellow, and then gave me a kiss on the cheek. So you see how I came to receive a gracious distinction which from generals downward no other soldier has ever been able to lay claim to. That honor's mine alone.'—Pearson's Weekly.

A Necessity.

A physician, returning from his daily rounds of visits, overheard two colored citizens conversing as they plodded homeward from their work.

"Is you gwine ter pray meetin' dis evenin', Jim?" asked one of the pedestrians.

"Yes, indeed! I is dat. Is you?" replied the other.

"You bet I is!" said the first. "I tell you, I considers religion one ov de necessary ebils!"—Memphis Scholastic.

Soldiers and Capitalists.

Records of the war department show that the whole amount paid by the government for its soldiery for all purposes, including bounty, commutations and pensions, since 1861 to June 30, 1899 is \$2,658,000,000. Treasury records show that the whole amount paid to the creditors and bondholders since 1861 to June 30, 1899, was \$5,768,000,000, or more than twice as much.—Chicago Chronicle.

Terrible Ordeal.

"If you'd been half an hour later," she said, "I don't know what I should have done."

What happened?

"Why, Mrs. Gadding, next door, has been in here with such an extraordinary tale, which she made me promise I would never break to a living soul, that it has seemed as if I positively couldn't wait for you to come home to tell you about it."—Tit-Bits.

Ordained.

"There is no reason why a politician should not be honest."
"No; it's just one of those things that happens. There is no particular reason why grass should be black, but it's green, just the same."—Philadelphia North American

WALTHAM WATCHES

Sir Joshua Reynolds when asked

by an ambitious young painter

with what he mixed his colors,

replied, "With brains, sir." So in

watch making; it is not alone

the value of the jewels that makes

a first class watch---it is the brains

that have planned its construction.

Mechanical skill and knowledge

have made Waltham Watches the

best in the world.

Waltham Watches are for sale by all retail jewelers.

Wonderfully Convenient

Poor connections are the bane of traveling. Here are some good ones. Trains from the Southeast which reach St. Louis in the evening, without exception arrive between six o'clock and twenty-five minutes past seven. At half-past seven the Wabash "Cannon Ball" leaves for Omaha—that's one good one.

At 7:55 next morning you are in Omaha (via any other route not much before noon). At 8.20, only twenty-five minutes after you arrive, the "Overland Limited" starts for Ogden, Salt Lake, Butte, Helena, San Francisco, Spokane, Portland and Seattle—there's another.

A folder—simple, complete—tells all about it; something worth knowing. If you want to reach any western city, you can have full, specific information about your best train and connections, railroad and sleeping car fares, etc., and the rate will be right.

Address C. S. CRANE, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agt., St. Louis.

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Send your name and address on a postal, and we will send you our 156-page illustrated catalogue free.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
180 Winchester Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

CHICAGO TO OMAHA

Double Daily Service

New line via Rockford, Dubuque, Waterloo, Fort Dodge and Council Bluffs. Buffet-labry-smoking-cars, sleeping cars, free reclining chair cars, dining cars. Send to the undersigned for a free copy of Pictures and Notes En-Route illustrating this new line as seen from the car window. Tickets of agents of I. C. R. R. and connecting lines.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Chicago.

Free!

The Round Trade-Mark

On every two pound package of FRIENDS' OATS outside you to valuable premiums. Illustrated list mailed upon application to manufacturers.

FRIENDS' OATS, MUSCATINE, IOWA.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSIST UPON HAVING WHAT THEY ASK FOR, REFUSING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.

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We want boys for Agents in every town, to sell

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(Of Philadelphia)

We will furnish you with ten copies the first week FREE OF CHARGE; you can then send us the wholesale price for as many as you find you can sell for the next week.

You can find many people who will be glad to patronize a bright boy, and will agree to buy every week if you deliver it regularly at the house, store or office.

You can build up a regular trade in a short time; permanent customers who will buy every week. You can in this way earn money without interfering with school duties, and be independent.

Remember that THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is 77 years old, the oldest paper in the United States, established 1738 by Benjamin Franklin, and has the best writers of the world contributing to its columns. So popular that a hundred thousand new subscribers were added to its list the past year.

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The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

NOT FREE—but for 10c we will mail you this beautiful gold filled cover's knot bangle ring, with any desired initial. You will be surprised and delighted when you receive it, and wonder how we can sell for 10c. Send now. Value Jewelry Co., 21 Western Ave., Burlington, Ky.

DROPSY

NEW DISCOVERY, given quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Inc., Atlanta, Ga.

Use Certain Corn Cure. Price, 15c.

Stomach Troubles In Spring

Are THAT BILIOUS FEELING, bad taste in the mouth, dull headache, sleeplessness, poor appetite.

No matter how careful you are about eating, everything you take into your stomach turns sour, causes distress, pains and unpleasant gases.

Don't you understand what these symptoms—signals of distress—mean?

They are the cries of the stomach for help! It is being overworked. It needs the peculiar tonic qualities and digestive strength to be found only in

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

The best stomach and blood remedies known to the medical profession are combined in the medicine, and thousands of grateful letters telling its cures prove it to be the greatest medicine for all stomach troubles ever yet discovered.

Wagner in Dispute.

"Do you admire Wagner?" she inquired at the musical, looking up at him soulfully, for, although they had met but ten minutes before, there already seemed to be a bond between them.

"Not much, after the hum of artifice here he's been making us stand for here in Washington all these years," was the emphatic reply, and then she was forced to the conclusion that he, too, was lacking in appreciation of the higher and nobler.—Washington Post.

Ghost of the Glacier

And Other Tales, including Making a Revolution, Susquehanna Trail, Sculpture of the East, Once a Pillar of the World, Feathers of Fashion, and others. A delightful volume, beautifully illustrated. Ready for distribution about May 1. Send 10 cents to T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, 26 Exchange Place, New York City. Edition Limited.

One of Them.

"Look here," said the approached; "I gave you ten cents not five minutes ago. Now you are at me again."

"I'm such an absent-minded beggar," said the merchant, apologetically.—Philadelphia North American.

Some City, Alaska.

Is twenty-eight hundred miles from Seattle, via ocean. Is said to be the richest gold field discovered up to this time. The first steamer will leave Seattle on or about May 19, 1900. For full particulars address Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

Artillery.

Artillery is becoming all the time a more important branch of the military service. In a sense war is already almost as much of a shell game as is diplomacy.—Detroit Journal.

Most of the good jokes are old ones if you only knew it.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

Woman's Refuge

when sick is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

No other medicine in the world has done so much good.

No confidence has ever been violated.

No woman's testimonial was ever published by Mrs. Pinkham without special permission.

No woman ever wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice without getting help. No man sees these letters. Her advice is free, and her address is Lynn, Mass. She is a woman, you can tell her the truth. No living person is so competent to advise women. None has had such experience.

She has restored a million sufferers to health. You can trust her. Others have.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Palmer's Lotion
CURES
PIMPLES,
RED SPOTS,
ECZEMA,
CANKER,
SORE EYELIDS,
BRUISES,
BURNS,
and all other skin troubles. Use
Lotion Soap
in all cases.

A Swallow
is one of the earliest harbingers of spring—an equally sure indication is that feeling of languid depression. Many swallows of
Hires Rootbeer
are best for a spring tonic—and for a summer beverage, 5 gallons for 75 cents. Write for list of premiums offered free for labels.
Charles E. Hires Co.
Malvern, Pa.

The Secrets of Planets Revealed.

The immense telescope which is now in process of construction is expected to bring the moon within a mile's eyesight of this world, and to reveal the secrets of all planets. It may cause as great a change in the world's thought as Heliometer's Stomach Bitters does in the physical condition of sufferers from dyspepsia, constipation, liver or kidney troubles. The Bitters strengthen the entire system, and also prevent malaria, fever and ague. Try it.

The Curse of Slang.

Mrs. Wayback—I wonder why that new fellow who was going to edit the Clarion left town so rapid-like.

Mr. Wayback—Well, when ole man Knott died last week the editor feller wrote a item about it an' headed it "Knott Is Nit" an' the Knott boys run him out o' town.—Baltimore American.

A Hint for Spring.

When Housekeepers Are Brightening the Interiors of Their Homes.

Now that the backbone of this remarkable winter is broken, housekeepers are remarking the dingy look of the home interior. The question of new wall coverings is up. Paper is dear and short lived; kalsomines are dirty and sealy; paint is costly. The use of such a cement as Alabastine, for instance, will solve the problem. This admirable wall coating is clean, pure and wholesome. It can be put on with no trouble by anyone; there is choice of many beautiful tints; and it is long lasting.

Certainly a Prize Thought.

A teacher of music in one of the public schools of the south desired to impress the pupils with the meaning of the signs "F" and "B" in a song they were about to sing. After explaining that "F" meant forte, he said: "Now, children, if 'F' means forte, what does 'B' mean?"

Silence reigned for a moment, and then he was astonished to hear a bright little fellow shout:

"Eighty!"—New Lippincott.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Respected Her Confidence.

Poetess: The poem I sent you, Mr. Editor, contains the deepest secrets of my soul.

Editor—I know it, madam; and no one shall ever find them out through me.—Stray Stories.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder to shake into your shoes. It cures the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating feet and In-growing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Latest.

Wags—Have you heard the latest? Dags—No, what is it? "You're off your hump."—Ohio State Journal.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A Regular Bird.

The burglar sometimes becomes a jail bird, because he's a robin.—Philadelphia Record.

Carter's Ink.

Good ink is a necessity for good writing. Carter's is the best. Costs no more than poor ink.

"I suppose you have quite forgotten, Mr. Jones, that you owe me a favor?" "No, I haven't yet. Give me time and I will."—Punch.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thor Robinson, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

In every family you'll find an old man trying to quit smoking, and a young one trying to learn.—Albion Globe.

THE MARKETS.

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------|
| Cincinnati, April 20. | |
| CATTLE—Common | \$4 10 @ 4 50 |
| Select butchers | 4 90 @ 5 00 |
| CALVES—Extras | 6 50 @ 6 50 |
| HOGS—Select packers | 5 50 @ 5 65 |
| Mixed packers | 5 35 @ 5 50 |
| SHEEP—Choice | 6 00 @ 6 00 |
| LAMBS—Extra | 7 00 @ 10 25 |
| FLOUR—Spring pat. | 3 65 @ 3 90 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 74 1/2 @ 42 |
| CORN—No. 2 mixed | 27 @ 27 |
| OATS—No. 2 mixed | 60 @ 60 |
| RYE—No. 2 | 15 00 @ 15 00 |
| HAY—Choice timothy | 14 75 @ 13 35 |
| LARD—Steam | 7 05 @ 7 05 |
| BUTTER—Ch. dairy | 12 @ 14 |
| Choice creamery | 20 @ 20 |
| APPLES—Ch. to fancy | 4 25 @ 4 25 |
| POTATOES—Per bra. | 1 25 @ 1 50 |
| TOBACCO—New | 3 70 @ 17 50 |
| Old | 3 00 @ 16 00 |

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| CHICAGO. | |
| FLOUR—Win. patent | 3 60 @ 3 70 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 68 1/2 @ 68 1/2 |
| No. 3 spring | 62 @ 64 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 38 1/2 @ 38 1/2 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 24 1/2 @ 25 |
| RYE—No. 2 | 55 @ 55 |
| PORK—Mess | 11 90 @ 12 95 |
| LARD—Steam | 7 00 @ 7 15 |

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| NEW YORK. | |
| FLOUR—Win. patent | 3 70 @ 4 00 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 70 1/2 @ 70 1/2 |
| CORN—No. 2 mixed | 47 1/2 @ 47 1/2 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 28 @ 28 |
| RYE | 57 @ 57 |
| PORK—Mess | 13 50 @ 13 75 |
| LARD—Steam | 7 55 @ 7 55 |

| | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| BALTIMORE. | |
| FLOUR—Win. patent | 3 65 @ 3 85 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 65 1/2 @ 65 1/2 |
| Southern | 68 @ 72 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 41 1/2 @ 41 1/2 |
| OATS—No. 2 mixed | 29 @ 29 |
| CATTLE—First qual. | 4 75 @ 5 15 |
| HOGS—Western | 5 80 @ 6 00 |

| | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| INDIANAPOLIS. | |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 71 1/2 @ 71 1/2 |
| CORN—No. 2 mixed | 40 @ 40 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 26 1/2 @ 26 1/2 |

| | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| LOUISVILLE. | |
| FLOUR—Win. patent | 4 25 @ 4 50 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 73 @ 73 |
| CORN—Mixed | 43 @ 43 |
| OATS—Mixed | 27 @ 27 |
| PORK—Mess | 13 50 @ 13 50 |
| LARD—Steam | 7 25 @ 7 25 |

SENATORIAL COURTESY.

The Gentleman from the South Gave Way and the Senate Was Adjourned.

Senator Pettus, of Alabama, is the most owl-like member of the senate. He is so ponderous a solemn that he is unconsciously humorous.

Mr. Pettus will be 80 years old next July. He belongs to the old school of southern statesmen now fast disappearing. It is easy to see, in the dogmatic manner in which he lays down the law to his senatorial colleagues, that he has been a judge. He speaks with great deliberation, at the rate of about six words a minute, and each word is emphasized by the waving of his chin whiskers. His gestures are confined to a wide sweep of his arm from his body and an inverse motion. Everything he does or says is serious. Even when he wants the senate to adjourn, he goes about it in a way that is the very quintessence of solemn dignity. For instance, the other afternoon, when Mr. Spooner was talking on the Quay case, Mr. Pettus arose.

"I should like to ask the senator to give way for a motion, if he pleases," remarked Mr. Pettus, turning each word as if the fate of the nation depended upon the answer.

"I will agree to anything the senator wants me to," replied Mr. Spooner, smilingly, "except to vote against my convictions on a constitutional question."

"I am not asking you to do that," said Mr. Pettus, still mysterious, "but I want you to give way to a motion."

"Well, what is it?" asked Mr. Spooner. "It is to adjourn," answered Mr. Pettus, in his melancholy voice and without a smile.

Every member of the senate laughed, and the motion to adjourn was carried.—Washington Post.

BELIEVES IN HORSE SENSE.

Veterinarian Converted by a Sick Steed That Sought a Doctor.

"Experience has convinced me that there is such a thing as horse sense," said a veterinary surgeon who has a shop on the South side. "A friend of mine had a beautiful chestnut driving mare that was subject to severe spells of colic. About a year ago she got very sick and Jones, the owner, brought her over here for treatment. I cared for her, and she seemed as grateful as a human being might, rubbing her nose against my coat sleeve, and showing her affection in her dumb way."

"One day about six months ago up she came to the door of the shop, moaning and evidently suffering acutely. I treated her again and she got better. I found out afterward that there was no one at her home stable that day and that she had worked the halter off and had set out to find the doctor."

"Curious circumstance," said the man who had heard the story.

"But that's not all of it," said the doctor. "Three days ago I came down to my office in the morning about nine o'clock. There lay the chestnut mare in front of the door. She had been taken sick, had made her way as before to the shop in the night, and found nobody there to give her medicines, and she had died. Now, if this story isn't proof that a horse can reason I would like to hear something to beat it."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Pleasant, Wholesome, Speedy, for coughs is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Fortune sometimes favors the brave and sometimes she leads them into a trap.—Puck.

PETNAM FADELESS DYES do not stain the hands or spot the kettle. Sold by all druggists.

The difference between see and saw is in tense.—Chicago Daily News.

FAIR WOMEN SPEAK.

Pe-ru-na Works Wonders for the Gentler Sex in Catarrhal Ailments.



MRS. COLONEL HAMILTON.

That Pe-ru-na has become a household remedy in the home of Mrs. Colonel Hamilton is well attested by a letter from her, which says: "I can give my testimony as to the merits of your remedy, Pe-ru-na. I have been taking the same for some time, and am enjoying better health now than I have for some years. I attribute the change to Pe-ru-na, and recommend Pe-ru-na to every woman, believing it to be especially beneficial to them." Mrs. Hamilton's residence is 259 Goodale street, Columbus, Ohio.

MISS ANNIE WYANDOTTE.

Miss Annie Wyandotte, queen of the operatic stage and dramatic soprano, says: "Fifteenth St. and Jackson Ave. Kansas City, Mo.

"Dr. Hartman:

"Dear Sir—Pe-ru-na has been my salvation. It has given me back a beautiful voice, a gift of God; it has brought me once more to my old profession. I can talk now, and sing, where before, I could scarcely whisper. Can you wonder at my delight? I wish every person who is suffering as I suffered might know Pe-ru-na. Only those who have been afflicted can ever know the intense satisfaction and gratitude that comes with a complete cure. My voice was completely gone. April 15 I felt so elated over the restoration of my voice that I inserted an advertisement in The Star for vocal pupils. The advertisement, which cost me 65 cents, brought me five pupils, and that was the beginning of my present large class. Yours gratefully,

"Annie Wyandotte."

A congestion, inflammation or ulceration of the mucous membrane, whether of the head, stomach, kidneys, or other organ, is known to the medical profession as catarrh. It is known by different names, such as dyspepsia, Bright's disease, female complaint, diarrhoea, bronchitis, consumption and a host of other names. Wherever there is a congested mucous membrane there is catarrh, acute or chronic.

MISS CLARA STOECKER.

Miss Clara Stoecker says: "I had chronic catarrh for over a year. I tried many remedies, but found no relief until I saw an advertisement in the paper of your treatment for chronic catarrh. I tried it and I think I am now well. I recommend Pe-ru-na to all my friends who are afflicted with catarrh." Miss Stoecker lives at Pittsburg, Pa.

Mrs. Margaret Fritz, Wilcox, Okla., writes: "I extend my sincere thanks for the good advice you have given me. I do not believe I would be living now if it were not for you. I had suffered with flow of blood for four months, and the doctors could help me but little. They operated on me three times. It was very painful and I only obtained little relief. I was so weak I could not turn in bed. Then I applied to Dr. Hartman. I did not know whether he could help me or not, but I followed his advice, and used only three bottles of Pe-ru-na and Man-a-lin. Now I am as well and as strong as I ever was, thanks to your remedies." Pelvic catarrh has become so frequent that most women are more or less afflicted with it. It is usually called female disease.

LAXATIVE BROMO-QUININE TABLETS

Stops the Cough

and Works Off The Cold.

CURES LA GRIPPE



A KLONDIKE SCENE.

NOTE—Every Druggist from Klondike to Cuba sells Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets for Colds and Grip. In fact it is the only Cold and Grip prescription sold throughout this vast territory which is striking evidence of its virtue and popularity. This signature *E. W. Hall* appears on every box of the genuine article. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25c.

THE Pleasantest, most powerful, effective and never failing REMEDY for

Rheumatism Sciatica, LA GRIPPE and CATARRH! I know of the efficacy of "5 DROPS" as a Curative as well as a Preventive of any Ache or Pain known to the human body, there would not be a family in all America without a bottle of "5 DROPS!" Send for trial bottle, 25c, or large bottle, containing 300 doses, \$1.00, 6 bottles for \$5. **SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160-164 E. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.**

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes. Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers. The genuine name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send a pair on receipt of price and age, extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Cat. free. **W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., BROOKLYN, MASS.**

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup Cures constant coughing, a simple cough is bad enough, but a chronic cough is dangerous. Take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and be cured.

Through Chair Cars To Texas.

All through trains, via the Cotton Belt, carry handsome Free Reclining Chair Cars from Memphis to principal points in Texas without change. These cars are furnished with chairs which can be made to recline at any angle, thus affording an easy seat during the day, and a comfortable place to sleep at night.

In addition to the Through Free Chair Cars, Cotton Belt trains are equipped with Pullman sleepers at night, and Pullman Day Cars during the day. The comfort thus provided for everybody, combined with the fastest time, make the Cotton Belt the most desirable route to Texas. Write and tell us where you are going and when you will leave, and we will tell you what your ticket will cost and what train to take to make the best time and connections. We will also send you an interesting little booklet, "A Trip to Texas."

FRED H. JONES, D. P. A., Memphis, Tenn. W. C. PEELER, T. P. A., Memphis, Tenn. W. G. ADAMS, T. P. A., Nashville, Tenn. F. R. WATTS, T. P. A., Cincinnati, Ohio. H. E. SUTTON, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn. E. W. LEBEAUME, G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

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FARM IN WESTERN CANADA FREE If you take your home in Western Canada, the land of plenty. Illustrated pamphlets, giving experiences of farmers who have become wealthy in growing wheat, reports of delegates, etc., and full information as to reduced railway rates can be had on application to the Superintendent of Immigration, Department of Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or address the undersigned, who will mail you atlases, pamphlets, etc. Free of cost. F. PROLEY, Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to D. L. CAVEN, Springfield, Ohio; E. T. HOLMES, Indianapolis, Ind.

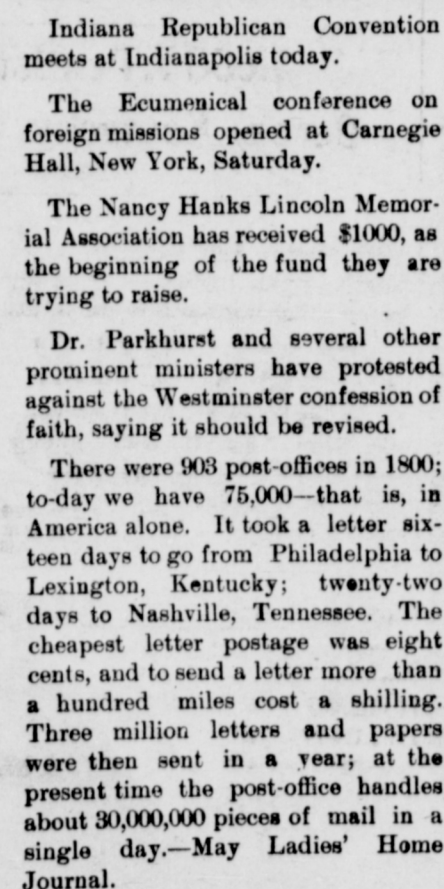
PILES Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding, and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Prepared for Piles and Itching of the private parts. At drug stores by mail on receipt of price. 50 cents and \$1.00. **WILLIAMS' PILE OINTMENT, CLEVELAND, OHIO.**

RED ROOFING I can, per square foot, caps and nails included. Substitutes for Plaster. SAMPLES FREE. The **Fay Manilla Roofing Co., CAMDEN, N. J.**

PISO'S CURE FOR CURS WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. **CONSUMPTION**

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BEREA - - KENTUCKY



Lillie Kindred is very ill.
John Bicknell was badly injured recently and his recovery is doubtful.
Andy Richardson's family is ill.
Little Gillie Harris is visiting her grandmother this week.
Mose Kindreds family is just recovering from the measles.
Mrs. James Bicknell died last week. She leaves a husband and eight sons to mourn her loss.

For coughs and colds there is no medicine so effective as Coussens' Honey of Tar. It is the ideal remedy. Price, 25 and 50 cents. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Jackson County.
Evergreen.

Bradley Lake cut his foot very badly.

T. J. Lake has returned home from Richmond.

C. J. Lake is very low with grippe and fever.

Gowdy, Misses Maggie Stephenson
Lucy Shuck, and Eliza E. Simms.

The school is endorsed by Baptists of all denominations. *For information*

GEO. T. FAIRCHILD, LL

pay for their board. Expenses for term
in advance.
Methodists, Presbyterians, and good people of
President,
L. D., Berea, Madison Co., Ky.

